AMERICA'S #1 SUPER HERO!

ECLIPSE

MIRACLEMAN

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™

The MYSTERY of
EMIL GARGUNZA—
The SECRETS of
"THE VISITOR"—
The ORIGIN of
MIRACLEMAN—
REVEALED!

MIRACLEMAN

THE APPROACHING LIGHT

AGAIN, LAST NIGHT.

AGAIN I DREAMED.

I DREAMED OF DEATH AND JUNGLE.

IT IS LAUGHABLE. I AM LAUGHABLE. CAN WE ***NEVER*** RISE ABOVE OUR STEREO-TYPES?

PERHAPS TONIGHT I SHALL DREAM OF COTTON BALLS AND WATER MELON AND AWAKEN TO FIND MYSELF SINGING "MAMMY".

BUT NO. I ONLY DREAM OF DEATH.

DEATH AND JUNGLES.

THIS ***MYSTICISM***. THIS WEAK AND HYSTERICAL MYSTICISM. IT WILL DESTROY ME.

HE WILL DESTROY ME.

HIS ENEMY HAS STOLEN HIS WIFE. HIS ENEMY GARGUNZA, WHO I HAVE DISCOVERED LIVES IN PARAGUAY.

IT SEEMS WE MUST TAKE A 'PLANE. WERE HE TO FLY ME THERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER I WOULD FALL PREY TO THE WIND-CHILL FACTOR AND FREEZE.

THUS HE NEEDS CLOTHES, TAILORED FOR A SEVEN-FOOT-TALL MAN. I ASKED IF IT WOULD NOT BE SIMPLER TO TRAVEL AS ***MORAN***.

NO. HE DOES NOT ***TRUST*** MORAN IN A CRISIS.

SOMETIMES I ALMOST ***UNDERSTAND*** HIM.

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SHE IS SO CALM.

I HAD EXPECTED (OR PERHAPS ANTICIPATED? AH, EMIL. YOU OLD RAM.)...I HAD EXPECTED MORE FEAR AND PLEADING.

SHE IS ADMIRABLE.

SHE IS WORTHY. WORTHY AS THE WIFE OF A SUPERMAN...

...WORTHY AS A MOTHER.

BUT WHY IS SHE SO CALM? IT IS ALMOST AS IF...

AS IF...

NO. IT IS NOT WORTH CONSIDERING. EMIL IS ROMANCING AGAIN. EMIL IS CONCERNING HIMSELF WITH FANTASY WHEN THERE IS SO MUCH FACT...

THE FIBRE-CAMERAS ARE IN PLACE. I CAN SEE, NOW.

I CAN SEE.

CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. MORAN.

IT'S A GIRL.

I KNOW.

THERE.

HE DOESN'T LOOK SO SPECIAL, DOES HE? NOT QUITE THE GREAT BURNING JUJU AFTER ALL, EH?

STRIP HIM OF HIS GAUDY LEOTARD AND HE IS, AFTER ALL, BUT A MAN.

ALMOST.

ALMOST A MAN.

AND DON'T FORGET, YOU HAVE SEEN HIM ***AFRAID***. WHEN HE BELIEVED THAT THE MAN NAMED BATES HAD TAKEN HIS WIFE THERE WAS HUMAN ***TERROR*** IN HIS EYES.

NO. HE IS NOT SO MUCH.

...AND YET YOU FOLLOW HIM.

NATURALLY, THERE IS A ***REASON*** FOR THIS. YOU MUST LOCATE GARGUNZA TO SUIT YOUR OWN ENDS. HE HAS THE SECRETS THAT YOU REQUIRE. IT IS ***LOGICAL*** THAT YOU FOLLOW THIS MAN.

...AS IF YOU HAD A ***CHOICE***.

BELOW US NOW, SOUTH AMERICA, SMOULDERING WITH THE PROBLEMS THAT BESET ITS COCAINE INDUSTRY, THRASHING IN A MORASS OF LOST WARS, AND ECONOMIC RUIN, AND LIGHT...

...AND SHADOW...

...AND JUNGLE.

SO BEAUTIFUL.

SO INFINITELY STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL...

SWAYING IN THE FIBRE-LIGHT, ADRIFT IN HER AMNIOTIC OCEAN.

AND HER FACE...

SO BARELY-FORMED AND UNAWARE.

SO BEAUTIFUL. SO...

...STRANGE.

AA!

HERR DOKTOR? YOU CRIED OUT?

UH?

NO...NO, A SNEEZE. I HAVE A COLD. PERHAPS WE HAD BEST CONCLUDE OUR EXPLORATIONS FOR TODAY.

EXCUSE ME.

I NEED REST.

HE SLEEPS.

THE HEAT OF THE HOTEL ROOM DOESN'T BOTHER HIM.

BUT MY SKIN GLISTENS. IT IS THE HEAT. IT IS THE HEAT THAT KEEPS ME AWAKE.

NO IT ISN'T.

IT IS THE SUPERSTITION, THE ***MYSTICISM***. YOU ARE ***AFRAID***, MR. CREAM...

WHY NOT SIT AND ROLL YOUR EYES IN THE DARK, MR. CREAM? WHY NOT SHIVER AND SAY "LAWSY! I'SE SPOOKED!"

YOU ARE A FOOL. GO TO SLEEP.

INSECT BODIES CRUNCHING UNDER FOOT.

I RUN THROUGH A FOREST OF HANGED MEN.

I FLEE THE TERROR THAT FOLLOWS BEHIND...

...ONLY TO FIND...

...THAT IT IS IN FRONT OF ME.

AAAAAAA!

HERR DOKTOR?

NOTHING, GUNTER. A DREAM.

NOTHING.

RETURN TO YOUR BED.

NOTHING.

BUT I **SAW** IT.

OH, A REFLEX ACTION ALMOST CERTAINLY, BUT STARTLING NONTHELESS...

THAT MOMENT...

THAT LURCHING, VERTIGINOUS MOMENT...

...WHEN IT OPENED ITS EYES...

AND LOOKED AT ME.

I WILL NOT GET TO SLEEP AGAIN TONIGHT. I AM TOO OLD.

DAWN INFECTS THE SKY.

AN APPROACHING LIGHT.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PARAGUAY. EVENING.

A BISCUIT, PLUTO?

YOU WANT A BISCUIT?

THERE...

YOU WILL BE A FAT LITTLE DOG, PLUTO!

HA, HA!

DR. GARGUNZA...

WHAT *ARE* YOU?

I?

OH, ONLY A MAN, MRS. MORAN.

AN OLD MAN AND NEAR TO DEATH.

NO.

WHERE ARE YOU FROM?

MIRACLEMAN

VERA CRUZ.

"I HEARD WOODROW WILSON'S GUNS..."

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1910, I WAS BORN, UNDER THE VOLCANO ORIZABA. PORFIRIO DIAZ FELL THE FOLLOWING YEAR...

...BUT YOU DO NOT WISH TO HEAR THIS.

YES I DO.

DIAZ FELL IN 1911. YOU KNOW MEXICAN HISTORY?

AH WELL. THERE IS LITTLE TO KNOW. JUST DUST AND BLOOD.

DIAZ FELL IN 1911 AND PRESIDENT TAFT SENT HIS AMERICAN SOLDIERS TO KEEP THE PEACE...

"LATER, WHEN THE TROOPS ARE WITHDRAWN, THERE ARE BAD TIMES. MY FATHER KNEW PEOPLE IN RIO. HE SAID HE WOULD TAKE US THERE."

"I AM, WHAT? FOUR, FIVE, SIX YEARS OLD AND THIS IS HAPPENING."

"IN RIO, WE WERE POOR. MY FATHER, IN 1919, DIED OF FOOD POISONING. MOTHER HAD NOT EVEN THE MONEY FOR A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL."

"'I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MAMA.'"

"...THIS FROM ME, NINE YEARS OLD."

"BUT I DID."

"MY I.Q., YOU SEE, WAS ALMOST 190."

"...AND I KNEW THAT THERE WAS LITTLE HONEST MONEY TO BE MADE IN RIO."

"THERE WAS A LOCAL GANGSTER, A MAN NAMED AURELIO. BECAUSE I WAS A SMALL AND UGLY CHILD WHO POSED NO THREAT, HE ADOPTED ME. I WAS HIS MASCOT."

"HIS GOOD LUCK PIECE."

"HIS JOKE."

"SOMETIMES, HE LET ME MAKE SUGGESTIONS."

"MY SUGGESTIONS SERVED AURELIO VERY WELL. BY AGE THIRTEEN, I RAN MUCH OF HIS BUSINESS FOR HIM."

"THEN ONE NIGHT, DRUNK, HE TRIED TO INTERFERE WITH ME, SEXUALLY. I RESISTED. I WAS BEATEN."

"HE DAMNED ME FOR A EUNUCH, AND MY MOTHER FOR A WHORE."

"POOR AURELIO. HE DIDN'T KNOW."

"HE WAS AN UNEDUCATED MAN WITH NO HEAD FOR FIGURES. HE DID NOT UNDERSTAND HOW UNNECESSARY HE HAD BECOME."

"I EARNED FAR MORE MONEY THAN HE DID. I OWNED HIS MEN. THEY WORKED FOR ME."

"I HAD HIM TAKEN FROM HIS BED ONE NIGHT."

"HE WATCHED WHILE I RAPED HIS WOMAN."

"AND THEN I BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH A BASEBALL BAT."

"I WAS FOURTEEN."

"BY THE TIME I WAS EIGHTEEN, I HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO ENSURE MY MOTHER'S COMFORT DURING THIS LIFE, AND A LITTLE MORE BESIDES."

"IT WAS EUROPE THAT I WISHED TO SEE NOW. I HAD GROWN TIRED OF DUST AND BLOOD."

"EUROPE IN 1928 WAS AN INTELLECTUAL'S PARADISE. I MET ***MARTIN HEIDEGGER***, THE PHILOSOPHER. I STAYED WITH HIM AT ***FREIBURG*** FOR A WHILE..."

"SUCH TALKS WE HAD. HE WAS NOT YET FORTY, THEN. A YOUNG MAN..."

"I BEGAN TO STUDY SCIENCE SERIOUSLY...GENETICS IN PARTICULAR. SO LITTLE WAS KNOWN, YOU SEE. THE CHROMOSOME'S EXISTENCE HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED LESS THAN TWENTY YEARS BEFORE."

"AS MY REPUTATION EXPANDED, I MET MANY SIGNIFICANT PEOPLE."

"ONE OF THEM WAS REICH-CHANCELLOR HITLER."

SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID ABOUT HIM. MY IMPRESSION WAS OF A MAN WHO BELIEVED VERY STRONGLY IN WHAT HE DID, BUT WITH A DANGEROUS WEAKNESS FOR MYSTICISM.

HE WAS NO LESS SANE THAN MANY I HAVE ENCOUNTERED.

IN 1934 I WAS GIVEN A POSITION WITHIN THE REICH, RESEARCHING GENETICS AMONGST OTHER THINGS.

IN 1941, I REALISED THAT THE AXIS COULD NOT WIN THE WAR AND I DEFECTED TO ENGLAND.

I WAS MADE VERY WELCOME. BEFORE MY DEFECTION I HAD WORKED UPON THE THEN-EXPERIMENTAL V2.

ON THE STRENGTH OF THIS, I WAS GIVEN A POSITION WITHIN AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE.

"MY IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR WAS A MAN CALLED SIR DENNIS ARCHER, A HEREDITARY PEER AND AN INFLEXIBLE CHRISTIAN MORALIST."

"HE WAS A PRIG AND A BORE, BUT EASY TO MANIPULATE."

"IN 1947, MY MOTHER DIED."

"I HAD KILLED MY FIRST MAN ALMOST BEFORE I HAD GROWN A MAN'S HAIR. AND YET THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD UNDERSTOOD MORTALITY."

"I THOUGHT OF MARTIN HEIDEGGER AND HIS IDEA THAT TRUE HUMANITY COMES WITH NOT BOWING TO THE EXTERNAL WORLD."

"I DECIDED THEN THAT I SHOULD NEVER BOW TO MY OWN MORTALITY."

"IN 1948, I WAS GIVEN THE MEANS BY WHICH THIS MIGHT BE ACCOMPLISHED."

"NEVER DIE."

"IT WAS A NIGHT IN MARCH. I WAS ROUSED FROM MY BED WITH NEWS OF A POISON GAS SCARE IN WILTSHIRE."

"I DID NOT SEE WHY I SHOULD BE INVOLVED IN THIS, BUT IT WAS INSISTED THAT I BE DRIVEN DOWN TO SEE FOR MYSELF."

"IT WAS A BITTERLY COLD NIGHT. I RECALL IT PERFECTLY."

"THE POISON GAS WAS A FABRICATION, OF COURSE. THAT WAS JUST TO EXPLAIN THE NECESSARY EVACUATION OF THE AREA."

"MARCH 15TH, 1948..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

PARAGUAY, EVENING:

OH, IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE, MRS. MORAN, I ASSURE YOU. A CRAFT FROM ANOTHER GALAXY CRASH-LANDED IN WILTSHIRE ALMOST THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

MORE COFFEE?

IT WAS DAMAGED, MELTED IN PLACES, A GIANT ICARUS THAT HAD BRUSHED THE SUN...

ITS SURFACE I RECALL WAS IMPOSSIBLY SEAMLESS... AND THERE WAS A SMELL OF ANISEED AND OZONE...

IT WAS MAGNIFICENT.

WE ENTERED THE SHIP. WE GAVE NO THOUGHT TO RADIATION... IT WAS A SIMPLER AGE

WE HAD TO USE ROPES TO GET INSIDE. THERE WERE NO RAMPS, NO LADDERS. THE SHIP'S OWNER HAD NOT ***NEEDED*** THEM...

WE ENTERED THE SHIP...

...BUT, LIKE TUNA-FISH SWIMMING THROUGH THE WRECKAGE OF AN ATOMIC SUBMARINE, WE DID NOT COMPREHEND IT.

MIRACLEMAN

WE ***COULD*** NOT.

IT WAS FROM ***SOMEWHERE ELSE***...

A LITTLE PIECE OF HEAVEN

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IT FRIGHTENED ME A LITTLE... BUT NOT, I HOPE THROUGH SIMPLE HUMAN XENOPHOBIA AND SUPERSTITION.

I LOOKED AT THE ALIEN TECHNOLOGY ABOUT ME, AND I UNDERSTOOD ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR HUMANITY. IT WAS SO ***DESIRABLE***...

SO DANGEROUS.

THE LIGHT WAS SOURCELESS, AND OF AN INDEFINABLE COLOUR. THE GRAVITY WAS FALSE.

AFTER THIRTY SECONDS INSIDE THE CRAFT, ONE OF THE JUNIOR OFFICERS REPRODUCED SYMPTOMS OF VIOLENT EPILEPSY...

FOR MY PART, I WAS SICK. I MANAGED IT WITH AS MUCH DIGNITY AS I COULD MUSTER, BUT THERE WAS THE SENSATION OF FOULING SOMETHING SACRED, NONTHELESS.

WE CONTINUED, INTO THE SHIP.

WE FOUND A MASSIVE ARRANGEMENT OF POLYHEDRONS THAT WERE PERHAPS OUR VISITOR'S LIBRARY, OR ARMOURY, OR LARDER.

WE FOUND A MACHINE THAT HAD INTESTINES. WE FOUND CIRCUITRY THAT SEEMED TO BE MADE OF WATER.

AND, FINALLY, WE FOUND THE VISITOR...

THE DISASSEMBLED CRAFT BECAME PROPERTY OF AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE, AS DID ITS LATE PILOT.

THE DEAD ALIEN OBSESSED ME, REFUSING TO CONFORM TO ANY BIOLOGICAL THEORY THAT I COULD IMAGINE. FASCINATED, I CIRCLED THIS ENIGMA FOR A FULL YEAR.

IT HAD TWO OF EVERYTHING...TWO HEADS, INTERSECTING WITH EACH OTHER, TWO BRAINS CRUSHED TOGETHER INTO AN AMORPHOUS BROWN-GREY MASS...

...AND YET IT WAS ***ONE CREATURE***. ITS CELL-STRUCTURE CONSISTENT THROUGHOUT.

...OR RATHER, IT WASN'T. YOU SEE, ONE OF THE BODIES WAS A CELLULAR REPLICATE OF THE OTHER...A CLONE, ALTHOUGH WE DID NOT HAVE THE WORD THEN.

ALSO, THE SECONDARY BODY WAS TREMENDOUSLY EVOLVED AND ADAPTABLE.

DO YOU SEE?

THEY WERE ***MINDS*** WITH ***MORE THAN ONE BODY***. I SUPPOSE IT MADE SPACE-SUITS REDUNDANT... JUST SELECT THE APPROPRIATE FORM FROM YOUR...WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT?...YOUR "BODY WARDROBE"...AND PUT IT ON.

BUT, ONE NIGHT OVER WILTSHIRE, SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG...AN ENGINE MELT-DOWN, PERHAPS...SOME ACCIDENT THAT CAUSED BOTH BODIES TO OCCUPY THE SAME SPACE AT ONCE.

I IMAGINE IT WAS VERY MUCH LIKE HELL...

BUT FOR ME, A HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY...A GIFT OF FIRE FROM AN ALIEN PROMETHEUS.

YOU SEE, IT WAS MY BELIEF THAT THIS PROCESS MIGHT BE MADE TO WORK UPON ***HUMANS.***

WHAT IF YOU WERE TO TAKE A HUMAN BEING...LET'S SAY A YOUNG ORPHAN WHOM NO-ONE WOULD MISS...

WHAT IF, FROM HIS LIVING CELLS, YOU COULD CREATE A PERFECTLY EVOLVED SUPERHUMAN?

WHAT IF YOU COULD PLACE THIS BODY IN...CALL IT 'INFRASPACE'... TO BE SUMMONED BY THE ACTIVATION OF A BRAIN-IMPLANT?

AND THIS BRAIN-IMPLANT...WHAT IF IT IS TRIGGERED BY THE UTTERANCE OF A SIMPLE, POST-HYPNOTIC KEY WORD? YOU BEGIN TO SEE?

WHAT, THEN, MIGHT NOT BE POSSIBLE?

WITHIN THOSE HALLS WE CRAFTED MONSTERS, AND IF ARCHER SUSPECTED AS MUCH, HIS SUSPICIONS WENT UNVOICED.

HE AVERTED HIS EYES, AND ALLOWED HIS CONSCIENCE TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY.

HE WANTED POWER, YOU SEE, THAT UPRIGHT CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. I OFFERED IT TO HIM..."A GIFT, HERE, TAKE IT"... AND, SEIZING IT, HE COMMENCED HIS FALL FROM GRACE.

I GAVE HIM ***SUPERMEN***. AN AMUSING CONCEPT, YES?

THE IDEA GREW FROM MY NEED TO FIND A MEANS OF CONTROLLING THESE BEINGS. I HAD DECIDED TO ENSLAVE THEIR MINDS WITH DREAMS.

WITH STOLEN ALIEN SCIENCE, I CONSTRUCTED A DEVICE THAT WOULD SHAPE THEIR DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES.

ALL THAT I NEEDED WAS THE APPROPRIATE FANTASY... A PSEUDO-LOGICAL SYSTEM THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THEIR ABILITIES TO MY OVER-MEN IN A CREDIBLE FASHION.

FOR SIX MONTHS I WRESTLED WITH THIS PROBLEM, TO NO AVAIL.

ONE DAY, IN THE CANTEEN I CHANCED UPON A FLIMSY, BLACK AND WHITE CHILDREN'S PAPER, LEFT THERE BY SOME SEMI-LITERATE ENGINEER. I PICKED IT UP. I READ.

...AND THEN, MRS. MORAN, I LAUGHED AND LAUGHED AND LAUGHED.

...AND WENT AWAY AND BUILT ***MY*** 'MIRACLE FAMILY': YOUR HUSBAND FIRST, THEN DAUNTLESS, THEN BATES.

REBBECK AND LEAR CAME LATER, BUT THEY NEED NOT CONCERN YOU.

DR. GARGUNZA...

WHY?

WHY DID YOU **DO** ALL THIS?

TO LIVE FOREVER.

TO LIVE FOREVER IN A PERFECT BODY.

BUT, YOU SEE, THAT WAS THE ***TRAGEDY***. WE LEARNED THAT THE PROCESS DID NOT WORK UPON THOSE ABOVE A CERTAIN AGE.

MYSELF, APPROACHING FORTY, I WAS EXCLUDED. UNDETERRED I CONSIDERED ALTERNATIVES.

I CONSIDERED WIPING CLEAN YOUR HUSBAND'S ***BRAIN*** AND IMPRINTING MY ***OWN*** INTELLIGENCE UPON IT, STEALING HIS BODY WITH A SCIENTIFICALLY APPROVED FORM OF ***DEMONIC POSSESSION***...

THAT'S HORRIBLE. EVEN SUPPOSING THAT YOU COULD **DO** IT.

OH, I COULD HAVE ***DONE*** IT. I HAD THE ***MEANS***. BUT, NO, IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED...

... NOT ON AN ARTIFICIALLY CREATED BEING WITH AN ALREADY ***EXISTANT*** BRAIN IMPLANT. NOT ON SUCH A ***MATURE*** AND ***POWERFUL*** PERSONALITY.

...BUT OF COURSE, IF THAT BEING WERE TO ***BREED***, AND PRODUCE A ***BABY***...

A BABY THAT DUPLICATED HIS POWERS ***NATURALLY***, WITHOUT THE ***NEED*** FOR SAID BRAIN IMPLANT...

AHH, BUT I HAVE BORED YOU FOR TOO LONG ALREADY.

MORE COFFEE, MRS. MORAN?

TO BE CONTINUED...

HIS NAME IS GARGUNZA.

DR. EMIL GARGUNZA.

THROUGHOUT HIS CHILDHOOD IN THE BACK STREETS OF RIO DE JANEIRO HE ONLY WANTED ONE THING.

WHILE HE WORKED FOR THE GERMANS IN 1942 HE ONLY WANTED ONE THING.

NOW IT IS 1961 AND HE IS IN BRITAIN, WORKING FOR THE CLANDESTINE BRANCH OF AIRFORCE INTELLIGENCE KNOWN AS ***THE SPOOK-SHOW***. AND HE STILL ONLY WANTS ONE THING.

HE WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER.

HE HAD HOPED THAT ***PROJECT ZARATHUSTRA*** WOULD HELP HIM TOWARDS THAT END.

MIRACLEMAN FAMILY PART II

HOW DO YOU LIVE FOREVER? YOU BECOME SUPERHUMAN. HOW DO YOU BECOME A SUPERHUMAN? YOU STUDY OTHER SUPERHUMANS. WHERE DO YOU GET THESE OTHER SUPERHUMANS FROM?

YOU CREATE THEM.

YOU CREATE THEM, AND BECAUSE THEY ARE SO TERRIFYING AND POWERFUL YOU KEEP THEM LOCKED IN A WORLD OF DREAMS, STUDYING THE PLAY OF THEIR MINDS WHILE THEIR BODIES LAY SLEEPING.

AND THEN, ONE NIGHT IN THE BITTER NOVEMBER OF 1961, SOMETHING GOES HORRIBLY WRONG...

THEY START TO WAKE UP.

HIS NAME IS GARGUNZA. DR. EMIL GARGUNZA. HE DOESN'T CARE ANYMORE ABOUT LIVING FOREVER.

HE JUST CARES ABOUT GETTING THROUGH THE NEXT HOUR.

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THE DAMPER FIELDS HAVE OVERLOADED, DR. GARGUNZA. THEY AREN'T SIPHONING OFF THE SUBJECTS' POWER ANY MORE...

...AND IN THEIR BREAKAWAY DREAM-WORLD, THE SUBJECTS HAVE DEFEATED THE VAMPIRES THAT THEIR UNCONSCIOUS MINDS HAD PROJECTED. HOW VERY APT. WHAT NEXT, I WONDER?

WE'VE KAYOED THESE BLOODSUCKERS, M.M.! WHAT'S NEXT?

I KNEW IT. HE'S THE ONE DOING THIS... MORAN. HIS SUBCONSCIOUS, AWARE OF ITS TRUE SITUATION, IS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN OUR DREAM-SCAPE AND DRAGGING THE OTHERS ALONG.

I DON'T KNOW, YOUNG. SOMETHING'S ***WRONG*** HERE. SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. IT'S AS IF...

IT'S AS IF NONE OF THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING.

BY PILING VAMPIRES ON TOP OF GIANTS ON TOP OF HUGE FUN-HOUSES IT'S TRYING TO PROVOKE HIM INTO REJECTING THE WHOLE THING AS FANTASY. AND IT'S SUCEEDING.

WHAT I NEED IS A DREAM-PROGRAMME THAT WILL EXPLAIN THESE LAPSES IN THE CONTINUITY OF HIS REALITY AND LULL HIM BACK INTO SECURITY AND SLEEP. BUT WHAT...

"HE'S THERE BEHIND THEM. ADVERSARY MODULE 390/8, ALSO KNOWN AS..."

AH. AH YES. OF COURSE.

DR. FABIAN, RUN AN OVER-RIDE PROGRAMME, WILL YOU. I'LL DICTATE.

HYPNOS, DEACON OF DELIRIUM!!

"WE START WITH A SUDDEN NOISE BEHIND THEM AS THEY WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR..."

WH-WHAT WAS THAT?

"THEY TURN, AND..."

WE MIGHT HAVE *KNOWN*! WHO ELSE BUT THE *NABOB OF NIGHTMARES* COULD COME UP WITH A CREEPY SET-UP LIKE THIS? THAT EXPLAINS YOUR WEIRD SENSATIONS, M.M.!

IT DOES INDEED, DICKEY DAUNTLESS! BUT IT WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT...

...WHEN MY *SIRENS OF SLUMBER* HAVE YOU IN THEIR LETHAL CARESSES!!

GULP!

IT'S WORKING, DOCTOR! THE ELECTRO-ENCEPHALOGRAM SHOWS THEY'RE SLOWLY REVERTING TO THE WAVE-FORMATIONS OF *OUR* CONTROL SYSTEM.

HYPNOS, YOU *RAT*! YOU *KNOW* THAT WE CAN'T HIT *GIRLS*!!

HIT THEM? WHO WANTS...

NO!

THIS IS *WRONG*!

DON'T YOU *SEE*? WE'RE BEING *SEDUCED*! THEY'RE TRYING TO STOP US *THINKING*!

UH-OH! THE E.E.G IS ACTING UP AGAIN...

HOW DID HYPNOS KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY, Y.M? HE CALLED YOU DICKEY DAUNTLESS! HOW DID HE ***KNOW***??

AND THIS CASTLE. THESE POWERS! HE WASN'T LIKE THIS THE LAST TIME WE ENCOUNTERED HIM! NONE OF THIS IS ***REAL!***

NONE OF IT!

THE CONSOLE! OUT OF MY BLOODY WAY, FABIAN...

I...I LEARNED OF YOUR YOUNG FRIEND'S IDENTITY WITH A SECRET MIND-SCANNING DEVICE, AND AS FOR MY NEW-FOUND ABILITIES, THEY...

...THEY WERE GIVEN TO ME BY THE MAYOR OF THE FIFTH DIMENSION IN RETURN FOR SAVING HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE, AND...

NO! YOU'RE ***LYING***! LOOK AT THIS CHAMBER...

IT'S ***CHANGING!*** ***EVERYTHING'S*** CHANGING! EVEN MY ***COSTUME!***

DOCTOR... LOOK AT THIS...

MY GOD. CAN HIS SUBCONSCIOUS BE ***THAT*** POWERFUL? I NEVER DREAMED...

IF HE SHOULD ***WAKE***... IF HE REALLY ***IS*** THAT POWERFUL, THEN...

THEN HE'LL KILL US, FABIAN. BE SURE OF THAT. JUST LOOK UP AT THAT SCREEN...

"HE WANTS TO KILL US."

I'M TIRED OF YOUR LIES, HYPNOS!

LET'S SEE WHO'S **REALLY** HIDING BEHIND THAT MASK!

GARGUNZA!

"OH GOD."

HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND... IT **KNOWS.**

HE KNOWS!

THERE'S GOT TO BE A PROGRAMME! THERE'S GOT TO BE AN END-SEQUENCE THAT WILL RESOLVE THE INSOLUBLE MESS THAT HIS MIND HAS WOVEN!

THERE'S **GOT** TO BE!

DOCTOR... H-HE'S STARTING TO **MOVE**...

GIVE ME THE **ANSWERS**, GARGUNZA! GIVE ME THE ANSWERS OR I'LL **KILL** YOU!

WELL, GARGUNZA? WHAT'S IT TO BE?

AND THEN THE MIRACLEMAN FAMILY WOKE UP...

"...AND IT HAD ALL BEEN A DREAM."

WHEW! HEY, M.M..KID! I JUST HAD THE CRAZIEST DREAM.

HMMM. FUNNY... SO DID I. THANK GOODNESS IT WAS ONLY THAT...JUST AN INSANE NIGHTMARE...

NORMAL DREAM PATTERNS RE-ESTABLISHED COMPLETELY, AND ALL THE LOOSE ENDS TIED UP.

YOU'RE A GENIUS, DR. GARGUNZA.

YES, I SUPPOSE I AM.

WHO KNOWS? POSSIBLY EVEN AN ***IMMORTAL*** GENIUS. HA HA HA.

SAY, BY THE WAY, M.M....

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR COSTUME?

THE END?